



The olde Bride, OR The gilded Beauty.

To a dainty new tune.



No morning red
no blushing faire,
Be through your glasse
or certaine spide:
But clowdy gray,
like the goat haire
Of your olde ones
lasting Wyde,
So old,
So wondrous old,
In the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Whole swarthy eyz
Welshphalia lips,
Are sunke to manry
in her skin,
Whole gums are empty,
and her lips
Like eyes the hairy,
and as thin:
So old,
So wondrous old,
In the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

For amazans lights
which Virgins yse,
She coughs alond
through lunges deade,
And with her palse
cannot chuse
But quake like trubling
of a madre

So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Is that her Wydeyeosome
be ill sped,
This is not the self
that hath been had:
For he is the last
heire to her bed,
Of seuen before
that she hath had.

So old,
So wondrous old,
In the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Why should her husband
then here heaven,
Or for a plenteous
offspylng bog?
Since all the issue
can be ginen,
Is that which runneth
in her leg.

So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Of losing her
there is no doubt,
Nor need you aske
where the doth dwelle:
For you may easly
seint her out,
six bounds do finde
their game by th fens.

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The second part, To the same tune.



Her nose and chin
are now grown
to meet together (friends,
lonely):

From danger these
her mouth defends,
So pale they loyne
in unity.

So old,
So wondrous old;
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Her painting serveth
her turne no more,
Her face is like
a sunn's wall
What hath so oft
been plai'd at daze,
With age at length
it nies must fall.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Her husband hath
no cause to speare,
(Many see
thougly leadeone)

That any will
desile his bed,
There's none will des
such charity,
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

What hath been spoken
is not meant
Any old woman
to disgrace,
But she who is
to mariage bent,
When death's character's
in her face.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

F I N I S.

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